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THE MEDIUM

VOLUME 28 ISSUE 12

November 26, 2001

UTM offers meningitis vaccine

BY TINA BANKOVIC

Earlier this month, UTM students received a letter from Health Services at the St. George campus. The letter urged U of T students to consider getting vaccinated against bacterial meningitis, a disease with a history of appearing in rare but sudden outbreaks.

Meningitis – an infection of the brain lining – occurs when bacteria that naturally exists in about 10 percent of the population overpowers the body's immune system. This disease can then spread through activities involving close contact with an infected individual's nose or throat secretions – kissing and sharing beverages, cigarettes, and utensils, for example. Symptoms include high fever, nausea, stiff neck, drowsiness, and skin rash. If left untreated, meningitis can result in permanent disability, or death.

If vaccinated, students will be protected from four out of the five most common strains of the vaccine. This protection lasts for the next three to five years.

This year, the Ontario College

Health Association recommended that students and their parents become educated both on the disease and its vaccine. Residence students,

who live in close proximity to one another, are at a slightly higher risk for the disease.

UTM's own Health Services has been looking into how to respond to the numerous inquiries they've received since the letter was sent out. Patricia Ash, Manager of UTM Health Services, said many concerned UTM students couldn't make it to the one-day vaccination clinic

offered downtown two weeks ago.

"There is an interest among students in getting the vaccine," Ash said. "We are looking to respond to that interest."

Health care communities used to vaccinate against meningitis only once an outbreak has occurred. Because the vaccine takes 10-14 days to take effect, U of T is now taking "a preventative approach," Ash said.

Residence Manager Jan Maw feels having a vaccination option on campus is a good idea.

"Acting to prevent a problem from arising, instead of reacting to a problem that has happened, is always a good policy," Maw said. "I believe that a student should be given the opportunity to get vaccinated if they are concerned about it."

UTM Health Services originally planned to have students meet with a physician, get a prescription, and obtain the vaccine from a local pharmacy. Once the student had purchased the necessary materials, Health Services would administer the vaccine. After phoning several local pharmacies, however, Health Services realized that the cost of this approach would depend on whether or not the pharmacy had the vaccine in stock. If they do, students might pay less than the \$90 St. George's Health Services charged for the clinic. If not, the cost could go up to anywhere between \$110 and \$130.

Health Services has now decided on a second option. On Monday, Ash

Meningitis continued on page 2



Students will have to dip in to their wallets for more cash to afford the shuttle bus to St. George next year.

photo/Melissa Verge

Shuttle fees to rise

BY TAMARA SULLIMAN

High costs will force students to pay more next year for UTM's shuttle bus service to downtown.

Director of Business Services Christine Capewell said they expanded the service to meet all students' different needs and accommodate for traffic and weather concerns. However, students must pay for this upgraded service.

"This year, we expanded our bus service and now the shuttle bus leaves every half hour as opposed to once an hour. This has proved convenient and flexible for students and we've had no complaints. However, this has cost us, to the extent that the current student incidental fees and fares do not cover the cost," said Capewell.

Currently, the fare for UTM students is \$1.75 and \$4.75 for downtown students. UTM students also pay 30 dollars in incidental fees.

For the last three years, there was a subsidy of \$76,000 from downtown students for the shuttle bus service and students only had to pay a \$2 fare. St. George warned UTM that they were going to take away the subsidy this year because they felt it was not fair to charge a downtown student to cover a bus that a lot of the downtown students never use.

"This is the first year that they've taken away the subsidy. That's why we had to raise the fare for downtown students to \$4.75 and the incidental fee for Erindale students was \$30. However, this does not cover the costs for the expanded service," said Capewell.

A shuttle bus committee was formed to decide what options UTM has in order to keep the shuttle bus service running effectively but cost efficient at the same time.

"We have three options facing us at this point. The most extreme case is to have no service. I don't think that this is a viable option. We can also reduce the service, but I don't think that would make students very happy as it is difficult to get downtown in an hour during certain periods of the day," said Capewell.

"The third option is to keep the service that we have now. Within that option, we have two choices: we can keep the current structure and raise the incidental fee by \$15 and increase the fare by 25 cents or we can go fare free – have free, unlimited, anytime access to the shuttle bus and raise

the incidental fee to \$88 for each student."

Erindale College Student Union (ECSU) President Erick McKinlay feels that downtown must give the subsidy to Erindale students. "Right now, I'm trying to get downtown to subsidize for the shuttle bus. I have spoken to Students' Administrative Council (SAC) President Alex Kerner about this and he will look into it," he said.

"\$88 per UTM student is far too much. A lot of students I've spoken to don't mind paying \$15 extra in incidental fees. Some students who don't even use the shuttle bus are not opposed to a \$15 increase because they realize that there are students who are dependent on the service."

SAC Mississauga Commissioner Nicole Phillips agreed with McKinlay. "I think we should look to downtown again to see if they will put forth a referendum to downtown students to pay a levy towards the shuttle bus. It should be our first course of action to take," she said.

A second incidental fee for transport may be introduced next year. This fee requires students to pay approximately \$100 towards unlimited use of a year round transit Mississauga and Brampton pass. This pass may also include unlimited use of the TTC. McKinlay is worried that students will pay towards two separate incidental fees that may overlap.

"If I live at Square One, I don't want to

Bus fee continued on page 3

Bring it on, baby!



Last Thursday was Ladies' night at the Blind Duck Pub. Mississauga firefighters came and strutted their stuff for the girls at UTM. Too bad it was an early night though – students weren't happy about the pub closing at 11:00 p.m. that night.

photo/Melissa Verge

Library expands

BY STEFANO MACORETTA

Plans for a new and improved library building are well underway. Headed by Chief Librarian Mary Ann Mavrincac, the new library will be located beside the CCIT building at the back of the campus.

Many UTM students feel that the library is essentially the "hub" of student activities so the building should physically reflect that. New technology and the oncoming double cohort of students demand a newer, larger and more adaptable building. A library stuck in the past is no longer a feasible place for students to study.

"We have two student representatives on the library users committee, Seema Chawla and Christian Szabo. I think that students are well represented by these two students. They've attended every meeting, discussing the students' needs for quiet study space and group work," said Mavrincac. Students also wanted a greater number of workstations, study carrels, and increased access to word

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QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Up yours St. George"

– Editorial, page 4



Check out \$2.50 Tuesdays at the Pub

BLIND DUCK PUB

Last Pub of 2001 coming Dec. 6th





Breakdown, a UTM club, gave a presentation last Wednesday on media awareness and analysis. The well-attended event showed students how media can create a one-sided story. photo/Melissa Verge

Breakdown creates media awareness

BY JOHANNA KRISTOLAITIS

Last Wednesday evening, Breakdown, a UTM student club, put on a presentation about media awareness and analysis entitled "Breaking Down the Message." Led by Damien Waddell, one of Breakdown's organizing members, the presentation focused on the ways the media skews the information it presents to the public.

Waddell started off by explaining some methods of media manipulation named by author Michael Parenti. These methods include suppression by omission, which is leaving out a story or keeping it small and not in the main focus; framing, which is giving readers the impression that there is nothing they can do about an issue; slighting of content, where the real issue isn't dealt with, only the outside trivialities of it; and labelling.

Labelling is something very common that we have probably all heard of," says Waddell. "It can be something like call-

ing the same group of people "leftist guerrillas" or "freedom fighters" depending on your view of their actions.

Noam Chomsky's video was used to illustrate several points about the selective news process, especially concerning the situation in East Timor which was covered very poorly by North American news in the late 70s.

"It's good that we have people like Noam Chomsky in our time to help us understand what the media does," says Waddell.

Many other important world events and issues were discussed in terms of their news coverage, such as the sanctions in Iraq, the supposed genocide in Bosnia and free trade. Lastly, the news coverage of the events of September 11 and subsequent war on terrorism were analysed before opening the floor to questions and comments from those in attendance.

People expressed concern over the fact that the media did not only misinform the public but intentionally diverted public

attention from important issues, as well as apprehension at the gradual take-over of the Internet by corporations, making it harder to find information from a different viewpoint. The fact that journalists have and continue to be fired for dissenting opinions was also brought up.

Over 20 students and community members came out to learn more about reading between the lines of the news at this Expression Against Oppression Week event. U of T's SAC had events throughout last week at all three campuses, though mainly at St. George.

"I was impressed to see Breakdown, a new club, become so active so soon," said Jason Nicols, Student Centre Events Coordinator.

Breakdown had planned this media analysis presentation before Expression Against Oppression Week had been set up. SAC approached them about making it part of their events for the week and Breakdown was more than happy to accept.

UTM library expands

continued from front

processing programs throughout the new library.

Mavrinac and the library project committee are still taking any and all suggestions from students very seriously. "We really value student input, so we've tried to provide as many opportunities to hear from them as possible. Student participation is really important. There are faculty and there are staff, but when students talk, everyone listens," she said.

"I think that we've had a lot of student input. Every week, we've been summarizing feedback from the students. Students have been responding to our website and the form that we've advertised in *The Medium*," said Chawla.

Included in the plans are more desks and chairs, both for private use and for group work. Students have also expressed concern about noise. The existing library is known to be a little noisy at times, so it's important that the new one has separate quiet areas and group work areas while still providing an open-air atmosphere that everyone enjoys. Another concern is the modular design of the library, that it would be able to expand structurally in the future as the library's resources grow.

The committee unanimously accepted that an Academic Learning Centre be located within the new library, in sight from the main entrance. Here, students would get instruction from a staffed reference desk and have use of a print-copy center.

Another overwhelming student request was a café in the library. Students want to study and also be comfortable, just as if they were at home. There is also a desire for extended hours, or at least a section of the library where students would be able to study no matter how late, with a well-lit, centrally located entrance, close to bus stops.

"We want to accentuate the quality of the space, so we can provide services people need. It would be a people centred space. We're still providing the same collection space but we're accentuating the quality of the physical environment, so when people use the library, it's comfortable, safe, functional, and accessible," said Mavrinac.

There will be a pause in meetings, as members of the committee complete speculation sheets outlining all the sizes of desired furniture and rooms. They hope to have complete budget before Christmas, after which the proposal will get passed onto other governing authorities. In 2002, architects and engineers will appear in the picture and construction will begin in 2003, for a 2004 completion date. Students needn't worry about paying for the library – it will be funded by an outside source yet to be determined.

Mavrinac continues to look for more feedback from students. "We're still continuing to develop strategic plans to consistently connect with our user groups. One of our most important mandates is to develop a plan of action and think of new ways to get out there and cater to our students," she said.

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Meningitis vaccine offered

continued from front

and Maw met with a representative from Aventis – the drug company that produces the meningitis vaccine – to discuss the possibility of the company co-sponsoring a vaccination clinic at UTM.

"We felt UTM students should be given the chance to get vaccinated without having to travel to St. George or go off campus," said Maw.

The clinic will be held early in the new year, though Health Services has yet to decide on a definite date. UTM students will pay the same \$90 fee that downtown students paid, though Maw hoped for a reduced cost.

"Being a student and having first-hand experience living on a student budget, \$90 could be the equivalent of a month's expenses," Maw pointed out. "Despite being told that the \$90 was the lowest price I could reasonably expect, I have suggested that the university look at subsidising some of the cost for students to get vaccinated. If the university is so concerned for the health and well-being of its students, maybe it should put its wallet behind its actions and help students afford the cost of the vaccination. Other than that option, there seems to be no known alternatives to pursue."

Ash urges students to visit Health Services and voice any questions they have concerning meningitis or the vaccine.

"It's important to read the letter, formulate questions, and come to us," Ash stressed. "We're encouraging people to come (to the clinic), especially those in residence."

Arts Night rocked Colman Lounge

BY KATE CAMPBELL

The Colman House rocked for the Arts Night on Wednesday, November 21. Organized by The Women's Centre, "This was the best Arts Night hands down because of the wide range of participation and acts" – Mark Marji.

The performances varied in talent, which spiced up the enjoyment level. Candles were placed around the room for ambiance, but it was

not as extreme as the stereotypical beret-wearing and finger-snapping atmosphere.

"The night was very successful. I was very impressed with the acts."

"This was the best Arts Night hands down because of the wide range of participation and acts" – Mark Marji

Any of the acts and other people that are interested in performing should come to the next Arts Night, which will be held in the Spring," said

Vickie Bonanno. The night was mc'd by Jon Sarpong, an employee at the Women's Centre. His comedy was quite beneficial to the successful evening.

The first performer was Women's Centre employee Natalie Plejaic read "Angel of Infinity"

and "Onions," and she set the tone for the eclectic evening.

The Nintendo Scorpions, a really good punk band made up of two female and three male UTM students.

Women in Jazz was a tribute to Ella Fitzgerald, by Sarpong and Mike Mucci.

There were more performances in the form of Irish Dancing (costume and all), an Amanda Marshall song, powerful spiritual singing, a monologue.

One of the highlights of the night was a juggling act with bowling balls, knives. The atmosphere was relaxed and comfortable, everyone soaked in the numerous talents, and

"The night was very successful. I was very impressed with the acts" – Vickie Bonanno

everyone enjoyed the food.



Arts Night at the Colman Lounge was extremely successful last Wednesday. Students gave their renditions and interpretations of different songs, readings and poems. Thank you, Women's Centre! photo/Melissa Verge

Campus Police Reports

November 17, 2001 11:15 a.m. **INTRUSION ALARM:** University Police attended to a reported intrusion alarm at a lab in the South Building. The lab area was checked and found secure. Three other alarms for the same area were received and responded to over the weekend by University Police.

November 18, 2001 12:45 a.m. **ASSAULT:** A male student visiting friends in Phase 2 residence was assaulted by two unknown males after he answered the unit door. The male received minor injuries as a result of the assault. This incident is still under investigation by the University Police.

November 19, 2001 12:00 p.m. **MEDICAL ESCORT:** A female student under emotional distress was escorted to hospital by the University Police. The female received assistance from hospital staff.

November 20, 2001 12:50 p.m. **MISCHIEF UNDER \$5000:** A professor reported disturbing graffiti written on the bathroom wall of a men's washroom in the South Building. The graffiti was

removed by Facility Resources staff.

November 20, 2001 1:20 p.m. **TRESPASSING:** A former resident student that had been barred from residence was witnessed in the lobby of Phase 6 residence. The male student was warned and escorted from the residence area.

November 21, 2001 11:50 p.m. **INTRUSION ALARM:** University Police attended to a reported intrusion alarm at a lab in the South Building. The lab area was checked and found secure.

November 21, 2001 5:50 p.m. **MEDICAL EMERGENCY:** University Police and Mississauga Ambulance attended Health Services for a male student that had an allergic reaction to receiving the flu shot. The male refused transportation to hospital.

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Bus fee to rise

continued from front

dish out \$88 for a shuttle bus that I won't use if I've paid for Mississauga transit already," he said. "I think that asking students for \$88 is too much of a drastic change. Right now, students need to have more options. I agree with a gradual increase in shuttle bus incidental fees because it is necessary, but if there is an additional incidental fee for transit then I think jumping from \$30 to \$88 is too much for students."

Capewell will return to the committee after number crunching to put forth the different scenarios to the committee again.

Erindale Part-time Undergraduate Students (EPUS) Vice President Karen Lam said it's difficult to decide what to do at this point as they are still looking at all of the options.

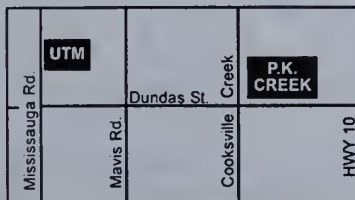
"It's hard to decide exactly what course of action to take because we don't have the exact figures right now, but I'm not for any extravagant increase in incidental fees. However, if we want the fees at a reasonable price, the fee must increase by a certain amount," she said.

When the committee decides what options are feasible, they will present them to the Quality Service to Students (QSS) to be voted on.

"At this point, we need to get student feedback. 25 percent of our ridership are downtown students and we may see this rise as downtown students are suffering from shock due to the hike in fare. But you can't get downtown anymore conveniently," said Capewell.

"It's still early, it's only been two months into the semester. We don't know how much the deficit will be for this year, but there will definitely be one."

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EDITORIAL

THE MEDIUM

VOLUME 28 ISSUE 12 CIRCULATION 5000 NOVEMBER 26, 2001

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Up yours St. George

Any person downtown who doesn't think the St. George campus should subsidize the Erindale shuttle bus is either ignorant or stupid. Either way, we violently disagree with them.

This year, for the first time, St. George is not subsidizing the bus service that takes Erindalians downtown and vice versa. This year the shuttle bus will run a deficit, forcing either reduced service or higher costs on students.

Why is this unfair? Because St. George whined and objected to its students paying two dollars a head for the service, and eventually refused to pay for it because many St. George students don't use it. Two dollars. Two damn dollars (a year). Erindale students subsidize several services downtown that few of them use and they pay a lot more than two dollars for them. The Athletics Centre. How many Erindale students get their \$23.14 worth out of the St. George Athletics Centre? Let's see a show of hands. Yeah, that's what we thought.

If there is one service that St. George *should* fund, it's the Erindale shuttle bus – if for no other reason than to allow our students to get to all the things they pay for downtown (at a price that doesn't increase every year).

The 'why should I pay for a service I don't use?' issue comes up every year. While we think that the answer varies depending on the service and the demand for that service, a service like this can operate efficiently, effectively, or fairly by charging only the users. If that were the case, shuttle bus users would be better off buying cars. Everyone has to contribute to keep the cost per person down and to make all the services we have available to everyone. We wouldn't have any services anywhere if the services ran on user fees only. You just can't do it.

The question is: how important is the shuttle bus? We don't think anyone can say the shuttle bus service is anything less than vital – it's convenient, economical, and quite often, the only viable option UTM students have to travel downtown. That said, we can't reduce the service (one of the options we are faced with). Our only realistic choice is to raise fees to keep the bus running as it has been. And that sucks. We think St. George students (or others) who oppose putting up two dollars a year for this service are ignorant and fail to see this big picture.

Does the University of Toronto take its suburban campuses seriously? Maybe, but it certainly doesn't think much about the commuting we have to do to access downtown's resources. The Scarborough campus envies doesn't have a shuttle bus – they envy ours. Why shouldn't they have one? They pay for services downtown too. St. George, for all its 'prestige,' sure doesn't share very well. Maybe the big city has swelled their egos past the point of caring what people in the suburbs need access to. Erindale and Scarborough students need to check out books from Roberts library and attend classes and meetings all over the downtown campus. We have to share – we're all supposed to be one big happy family, right? But downtown's ignorance is going to cost Erindale students more money.

We don't understand how St. George got away with this roughly-twenty-four-thousand-dollar-a-year-fuck-you in the first place. Erindale should have countered with a retraction of our Athletics Centre subsidy. Up yours St. George.

Correction:

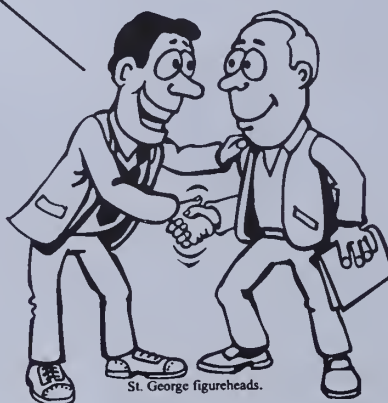
Last week we incorrectly referred to ECC Chair Judith Poe as Edith Poe. The Medium apologizes for the error.

[Ed's Note: one more issue before the holidays so get your letters in.]

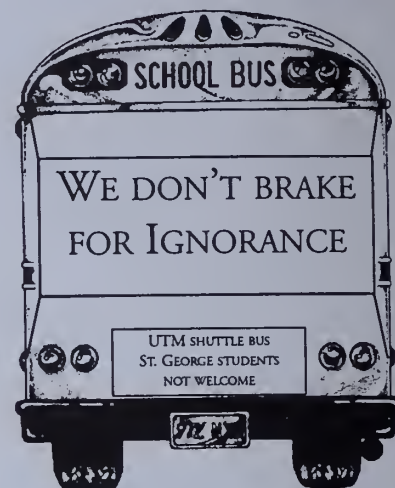
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Saturday, November 24, 2001. The worst weekend in Medium history. Jen's computer passed away. We had to scramble to save the hard drive. Two drives, three to go. Plus, the scanner doesn't scan, the printer doesn't print, and I'm going to shoot myself in the nuts. The office is just a mess of parts. As is missing in action. Jen, we're all thinking about you. Get better honey. Ann called – she'll be in tomorrow. Fuckin' hell. Medium dinner at Melissa and Jackie's house – Melissa, second best spaghetti sauce ever! Best meal in a while. Shout outs to Korne and Jaamine Sunday at 4pm – where the fuck is Ann? My nannyy tonight me dinner Sunday night and a cake for everyone in the office – there, your good deed has been immortalized forever. Jeet, am I spoiled or what? Jackie weighs a hundred and forty five pounds. Damn Christian concert downstairs is fuckin' noisy. Ann misses Jen's random noises. I am in spouting off some shit about an 'ornate.' Y'all, we need an ornate! I think Tammi is nice. I can't believe we got this fucking paper out.

I got me a mighty fine idee-er how we can save our students a couple bucks a year. They'll love us for it. They'll love us I tells ya. We're brilliant. This be the best thing we've ever done. Everyone'll love us!



St. George figureheads.



Dean Overton responds to open letter

Dear Editor,
re: "What's wrong with ECC this year?" November 19, 2001

Thanks to Matt Sullivan for his letter in last week's Medium. As chairperson of UTM's Quality Service to Students group, I remain open to bringing forward any concerns that the QSS membership feels are appropriate for the Erindale College Council.

In its three regular monthly

meetings this academic year, QSS has:

- allocated additional funds to the Career Centre and the Centre for Physical Education, Recreation and Athletics
- convened an on-going working group on shuttle bus service
- initiated discussion on expanding WalkSafer services
- reviewed orientation activities
- acted to reduce missed appointments with Health Service

physicians, and

– updated QSS members on campus growth as information became available.

QSS welcomes interested students to attend and participate in this on-going forum on quality of student life at UTM.

Sincerely,

Mark Overton
Dean of Student Affairs

Grad student warns bus fee hike may isolate UTM

Dear Editor,

I am a graduate student who resides on campus and I have used both the GO transit system and the shuttle bus service to commute downtown on a monthly basis. Once again there is talk of a deficit in the shuttle bus budget this year, and once again the obvious solution is to increase fees and hike ticket prices.

Hiking the price of tickets for non-Erindale students from \$1.75 to \$4.75 per trip had only one obvious effect: people discovered that GO transit is not only cheaper (\$84 per month – students) but has a much more convenient schedule,

including summers, holidays, weekends where there is no shuttle bus service or it is operated on a minimal schedule.

Unlike the shuttle bus, GO Transit does not use buses intended for children in their seating arrangements.

This price hike also further isolates Erindale from downtown. I think, to anyone who sees the big picture, the negative effects of this isolation can only hurt Erindale.

It's time to come up with a real solution to this problem, one that has the distant future in mind.

Francis B. Panosyan
PhD candidate

Letters Policy

Letters to the editor will be edited for spelling, grammar, style, and coherence. Letters will not exceed 500 words in print. Letters that incite hatred, violence or letters that are racist, homophobic, sexist, or libelous, will not be published. Letters reflect opinions of the writers, and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor-in-chief, other editors and staff, or The Medium's Board of Directors. In other words, just because we print it doesn't necessarily mean we agree with it. Submission does not guarantee publication. Submission of a letter to The Medium presumes the writer has read, and agrees with, this Policy. Please submit letters on disk or e-mail to medium@canada.com. All letters must have a point.

BETWEEN CLASSES

anonymOUS BY NICK MAANDAG



FEATURES

Stories, stories, stories...

The day before Christmas in 1992

By Anna Kosikova

The calm, cold, winter breeze on my last day of school felt refreshing. It snowed. I ran beside the red and green, Christmas tree lights in people's front yards on Beverly Street. I stopped, smiled, tilted my head and caught snowflakes on my face.

From the distance, I saw my uncle's shiny, silver Audi, parked behind my dad's green, 92, Chevy Blazer.

"Jane is home," I thought.

I ran to the house and opened the wooden, front door.

"Hi everybody."

I closed the door with my wet snow boot, took my long coat off and left it on the freshly washed, hardwood floor.

"Finally, you are home, Ann". Jane walked toward me and opened her arms to hug me.

I noticed her small, blue eyes, her thick, blond eyebrows and her bright red and yellow turtleneck. I felt her warm, long fingers hug my back and smelled her perfume – the irresistible *Tresor*, by Lancôme.

Mom and Uncle Peter joined us in the hallway.

"Well, well, who have we here?" Uncle Peter kissed me on my right cheek. "Are Jane and I allowed to come with you skiing tomorrow?" he teased.

I smelled cigarettes. Mom said hello, kissed me on my forehead, picked up my backpack and coat of the floor, wiped the wet boot mark off the front door and turned the antique lamp down. After dinner, mom, Uncle Peter, Jane and I sat in front of our marble fireplace, in the vacuumed living room. Jane ate *Ben & Jerry's* chocolate ice cream, Uncle Peter and I drank hot camomile tea with honey that mom made for us. Jane and I played monopoly. She had never lost before, but that night, she did.

"Wow, write this date to the Guinness Book of Records" Uncle Peter slurped his tea.

"Come on, Jane" I said. "Let's go to my room."

We neatly, carefully and quickly gathered all the Monopoly pieces, closed the box and walked to the staircase that shone with bright, green, Christmas lights, wrapped around the polished railing. I

went upstairs, Jane picked up her black, *Nike*, gym bag from the hallway closet and followed me. I put on my flannel, Winnie the Pooh pajamas, she changed into her sister's silk, gold nightgown. She looked sexy. We lay on my thick, Christmassy quilt that I had placed on the beige carpet.

"You know, Ann, I have this cute and so handsome classmate Daniel. And I think I am going to kiss him, when I go back to school." Jane dreamed.

I watched her and noticed her curly, blond hair in her face, one dried ice cream spot on her chin and bits of pork tenderloin in her straight teeth. I realized, I had missed her. Mom knocked on my locked bedroom door.

"Girls, it's eleven, time to go to sleep. You both have to get up at a quarter to six tomorrow."

"OK, Auntie Tatiana!" Jane got up and opened the door.

Mom's deep, small eyes gloved and her smooth, healthy skin blushed. I knew she drank red wine.

"Good night, pumpkins." Uncle Peter said and blew two kisses towards us.

I smelled cigarettes. Mom flicked off the light and closed the door. Jane lay in the bed across from mine, pulled the thick, blue blanket up to her chin and sighted.

"I am really glad you are my cousin, Ann". Jane rarely used the word *love*.

"I love you too." I turned to the wall, closed my eyes and fell asleep.

Mom knocked on my bedroom door.

"Good Morning, it's 5.45 girls, time to get up", she said. "You have thirty minutes to eat, get ready and leave the house."

I opened my eyes. The bright, morning sun of Christmas Eve peeked through the blue, *IKEA* curtains. Fresh snow fell overnight. Jane and I got dressed, ate scrambled eggs, put our *Columbia* sky, yellow, jackets on and walked outside. Uncle Peter smoked in the driveway and dad tightened the skies to our truck's roof rack. Mom brought out two thermoses, filled with tea and placed them in the back of dad's truck. Uncle Peter put out his cigarette, sat in his Audi and said: "We'll see you there, just need to stop for gas."

He closed his driver door, rolled down the window and started the engine. Jane kissed my mom good-bye, thanked her for everything and sat in the passenger seat, next to her dad. The silver Audi disappeared. Dad and I left too. Every time our truck stopped at the traffic lights, he yapped about how to position my skies at certain turns. When dad and I arrived in Collingwood, only a few people skied at the Blue Mountain Resort. I checked my watch.



"7.05, dad."

He parked our truck in the usual lot number two, behind the challenging *Killer Trail*. After half an hour, other cars crowded the parking lot. I lost my patience.

"You wait for them dad, I am going."

He agreed and tightened my red ski boots to the skies while I sat in the trunk on his flannel shirt.

"OK, done, of you go then". Dad stood up, picked up my blue, ski gloves from the trunk and handed them to me. He reached into his jacket pocket, took his cell phone out and dialed our home phone number twice, but no one answered. I got up, put the gloves on, and stretched my arms.

I noticed two police cars cruise through all lanes of our parking lot. Both drivers stared, as if they looked for something. The vehicles stopped across from us.

"Are you Mr. Robert McLain," one of the officers asked my father.

Dad turned, "Yes, that's me" and walked toward the police cruiser.

I shivered. Puffy, gray clouds covered the sun. The officer got out of his washed vehicle. I noticed his black, military boots. They shook hands. I watched the officer's lips move and made out the words *I am so*

sorry come out of his mouth at the end of their brief conversation. Dad looked at me. I smiled. The officer hugged him and returned to his cruiser. Dad sighted, turned and strolled towards me.

"They... Uncle Peter and Jane... they are not coming". His hands covered his eyes and he cried. "Daddy."

I hugged him, placed his head on my shoulder and patted his back. I understood what happened. That afternoon, the gray, shapeless clouds shadowed the bright, morning sun.

"Please, Mr. McLain, come along, your wife is waiting," the officer said and waived his hand. "We are coming," dad said and wiped his tears.

I sat in the trunk, took my ski boots off and put my hiking boots on. Dad picked up his gloves and wallet from the front seat, locked the car and closed the trunk.

"Let's go, pumpkin."

He wrapped his arm around me and we walked to the police cruiser. The officer got out of the car and opened the back door. We sat in, dad closed the door, placed my hand in his and looked outside. We drove in silence. The officer parked the car on King Street, behind a stop sight and got out.

"It's just further down, Mr. McLain," he said. "We can walk there."

The officer pointed to a fire truck stopped at a traffic light, fifty feet away. Dad opened his door and turned to me. "Are you up to it?"

I shook my head. He closed the car door and walked with the officer toward the fire truck. I watched them as tears dripped down my cheeks. I noticed the snow on trees, beside the road, the people stand and talk on their front steps and emergency lights of two ambulances flash at a distance. I wiped my tears, tilted my head and closed my eyes.

Jane never came back, never kissed Daniel after the New Year, never again ate *Ben & Jerry's* chocolate ice cream and never again played monopoly.

A *Loblaws* truck slid across an icy curb on King Street, flipped over on its side and flattened the silver Audi and instantly killed my Uncle Peter and my cousin Jane.

I did not eat that night. I dragged my feet up the stairs and opened my bedroom door. I found a tom, white piece of paper on my clean carpet. "I love you, Ann," Jane wrote in big, capital letters.

I held the paper with both hands at my chest, sighed, fell to the floor and cried.

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Stories, stories, stories...

Sometimes Stephen invites Kate to lunch

By Kerry Clare

Sometimes Stephen invites Kate to lunch because his office is down the street from hers, and when she is ravenous and eats the fries from his plate, it annoys him. And even when he orders a side-salad to dissuade her, she eats that too, and he quietly lays down the law.

"You can't share food that requires utensils," he explains.

"You can't" she responds, "tell me how to eat."

"It's my fucking lunch. I can tell you whatever I want to."

"You don't even like tomatoes."

Stephen waves his hand in the waitress' general direction and she comes to their table.

"We would like a side-plate please," he tells her.

"That was a whole lot of bother for

nothing" Kate says.

Stephen places his tomatoes onto the plate and hands it across to her.

"Why don't you order something more than soup?" he asks her.

Kate doesn't like eating in restaurants. She's always chosen her food wisely, taken care to rinse fruits and vegetable thoroughly under filtered water, trusting only her own hands to be so prudent. When she takes food from Stephen's plate, she is able to be this cautious. Tomatoes ripened, firm, unmarked and cut into very small pieces. French fries must have blunt ends, sign of a well-sharpened, well-maintained hence clean knife or cleaver. They must be browned but not blackened, excess oil wiped off on a napkin. Satisfactory. She will eat it.

Stephen doesn't know what to ask her for other than to lunch, and Kate doesn't like to say no to anyone.

Stephen knows that Kate doesn't like eating in restaurants, and yet invites her to lunch all the same. "I'll get the cheque," he always says, like he has waited his entire life to do so. He's really just trying to please both of them, and she shovels the tomatoes into her mouth, undoubtedly breaking another of his culinary rules. Table manners were big at his house. His napkin is unfolded in his lap. Hers is crumpled into her empty soup bowl, which has been scraped of all its original contents and pushed to one side. And now



they are finished.

Why don't you order something more than soup? Because soup is friendly, though she doesn't mean cream soup. Because soup is almost nothing, though you've got to keep crackers to a minimum, they add up. And soup is comfortable, leaves a path of hot through your body, burning the roof of your mouth

to the smallest degree. Kate likes soup, and spoons and cleaning her plate.

Stephen comes for dinner and Claudine cooks for all of them. Stephen stays the night on Wednesdays when he doesn't have to be up too early in the morning. He whispers to Kate that she is the kind of woman he thinks he could love in the long-term.

And she likes the taste of freezer-burn. When her tongue gets stuck and then unstuck and then the taste of her blood. She runs her tongue back and forth along the edges of her teeth, and for the next day or so the pressure could incite the wound to bleed again and she can sit at her desk, green and bored, remembering ice cream. She gets hungry in the daytime.

Who do you think you are? Part I: Shazza

By Sylvia Nalli-Petta

Saturday, January 7, 1999

Time: 7:00 p.m.

Place: My bedroom

Mood: Sleepy/annoyed

Soundtrack: Believer - Chantal Kreviazuk

Plans shot to hell. Siobhan and Megan want to go to Jay's house party instead of club hopping downtown. I refuse to go. HE will be there and I can't even look him in the eye, much less face a room full of his friends. It's just too soon, just too bloody soon. Brandon's a doll. He offered to come over and make popcorn and watch black and white movies with me, but I know he really wants to go out with Maisy (she looks like Pamela Anderson) and I really want to just sleep and forget about HIM.

Monday January 9, 1999

Time: 3:00 p.m.

Place: Central Tech Library

Mood: Calm

Soundtrack: Silence and shushing and pages turning and whispering

Seeking pocket book edition of *Wuthering Heights*. Once located, will sit quietly and read and wait for bell to signal

the end of the day. HE walks into the library, backpack slung nonchalantly over shoulder, brown hair messy, pink comb sticking out of back pocket. Every female head in the room whips around and stares. Gossiping commences: *he's so gorgeous, so athletic, so cool.*

Did you hear about him and Sharon? Can you believe she broke up with HIM? Who does SHE think SHE is?

Damn pocket book edition, not big enough to hide behind. Look around quickly for a hole to dive into, but alas...HE has seen me. He stops, glaring at me with icy blue eyes and walks past, over to the magazine rack and selects *Road and Track*. Not *Time*, not *Macleans*, not even *People*, but *Road and Track*; a car magazine, a guy magazine, HIS magazine. I dump *Wuthering Heights* into the trolley and leave.

Wednesday January 11, 1999

Time: 7:14 p.m.

Place: My bedroom

Mood: Anxious

Soundtrack: *Forgiven Not Forgotten*-The Corrs and telephone rings

The telephone is ringing. The number flashes across: 416-880-4545.

The name: E McLean, as in Ethan Michael McLean. I freeze and wait. The voice mail picks up, but no message is recorded. No message left. He hasn't left a message. Why, why, why is he calling me? What does he want? Doesn't he know it's over? I need a guy's perspective. I grab the phone and call Brandon. Brandon is a psychology major at U of T. Brandon dresses in tweed

blazers and faded jeans and espouses Maslow's hierarchy of needs and other primary psych jargon as if he invented it. I need to phrase this hypothetically, carefully: I do not want an entire psychological analysis, just sound, basic advice.

Brandon is not home. No one else can give an objective opinion: Siobhan and Megan hate Ethan and anyone else would scream at me to go back with him:

Are you crazy? He's the star quarterback, the star wrestler, the star everything. Plus he drives an I-Roq!! Are you crazy?

Wednesday January 11, 1999

Time: 7:25 p.m.

Place: My kitchen

Mood: Anxious

Soundtrack: *Chewing*

Yes, yes I am crazy, crazy to have ever gone out with Ethan. What was I thinking? We are worlds apart while living in the same neighborhood and going to the same school. I need someone to talk to, to confide in, someone interesting. He just needs someone to go to parties and pep rallies with. He just needs a girlfriend. My brother comes into the kitchen, shouting on his cell phone. He opens the fridge and takes a swig of orange juice directly from the carton, wiping his mouth with the back of his sleeve. Why do thirteen year olds need cell phones?

Saturday January 14, 1999

Time: 1:00 p.m.

Place: *Grabba Java* coffee shop

Mood: Jittery

Soundtrack: *Jazzy beats and intellectual chatter*

I always carry two notebooks with me wherever I go: one is my journal, the other is filled with lists and ideas. I write now in the second one, dreaming up dark and disturbing hair dye product names: Stark Raven Black, Red Rum, Excessive Violets. I wait for Megan. She and I are starting our own hair dye company, tentatively called S&M Inc., but we do want to be taken seriously, so perhaps a name change is in order.

I begin a new list:

Things I Hate About Ethan

1) He chews very very loudly.

2) He shuffles his feet when he walks.

3) He could never remember my last name.

4) He thinks Dennis Leary is funny.

"Hey, Shazzy," Megan startles me as she sits down, balancing a double latte precariously on top of a notebook. She pulls two small cards out of her pocket and hands me one: Tressed To Kill. Sharon Beckwith and Megan Johnson. Business cards. Cool name.

"Whaddya think, Shazzer?"

I roll my eyes at her ridiculous nickname for me (christened in grade four during a rousing game of hide and go seek and too much PixieStix).

"We have all the names, now all we need are actual products," I say.

Megan waves her hand dismissively. "Yeah, yeah, we'll just cook up a batch of goo, add some sparkle and voila, a product. The name is everything."

"Yeah, hey and while we're at it, we

could always pitch the products in our underwear," I say, "Maybe then they won't notice how crap it is."

"Very funny," Megan says coolly, sipping her drink. Her blonde hair is streaked pink and purple this week, complementing fake blue contacts and fake eyebrow rings. She is just too too much! I feel invisible next to her...me, who is often mistaken for Marilyn Manson's little sister with jet black hair and pale Irish skin. Megan's loaded so she can afford to change her look every two days, a veritable fashion chameleon, whereas I feel safe in Gap basics.

"What do you have there, Shazza?"

Megan reaches across the table and picks up my Ethan hate list.

"Uh, uh, it's nothing," I stammer, but it's too late, oh, here we go.

"Sharon Elizabeth Beckwith," she exclaims. "I am surprised at you! Wasting your mind on such an egotistical prig of a man."

"Look, I just can't forget about someone I dated for an entire year," I snap. "Besides...writing can be a creative exercise to release anger and frustration in a healthy, non confrontational way," I say, channeling Brandon and Kelsey Grammar in the same breath.

"Whatever you say," Megan shrugs, tossing the notebook back on the table.

"I don't care about him, if that's what you're getting at," I add hurriedly. "He means nothing to me, absolutely nothing."

Megan looks at me. She knows I am lying.

I know I am lying.

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Stories, stories, stories...

Pushing Chicken

By Jennifer Matotek

Sunday. Four pm.

"Welcome to Swiss Chalet! My name's Jennifer, and I'll be your server this evening. Can I get you anything to drink to start off with?"

The trucker in the plaid shirt grunts and stares unblinkingly at the menu. He reeks of gasoline, stale cigarettes, coffee and sweat. "Gimme a Canadian," he grunts.

My black leather nursing shoes squeak against the stained tiles as I scamper back to the kitchen. My feet ache, I feel nauseous, and my hair plasters to the back of my neck. The tips in my apron thud against my legs. I punched in at eleven am. I can't punch out until eleven pm. This will be the longest shift I have ever worked at the Casablanca Boulevard location of Swiss Chalet.

The kitchen ran out of chicken at two o'clock. Two of my tables walked out of the restaurant without paying for their drinks. Two other tables of churchies, who came in during the lunch rush, substituted prayer cards for a tip. Unfortunately, Jesus isn't paying my tuition.

I still don't understand how to punch orders into the computer system, even though I've worked here every day this reading week. I'm accustomed to the archaic NCR system.

Server 5. Table 8. I Person. "Jennyflower!" Merry-Ann Glazin braces her wrinkled hand against my damp neck. "How's my little girl today?" Her eyes crease behind the frames of her blue glasses as she smiles.

"Fine." I smile back pertly. "Is there any soap in the toy chest? I think my guy at table eight could use some."

Merry-Ann snorts. "Have you seen your uncle around tonight?"

I shrugged. Uncle Ed was our manager, and my mother's brother. When I was fifteen and started working here as a busgirl, Uncle Ed made me promise not to tell anyone I was his niece. By the end of my first shift, he blabbed to every employee that we were related.

I lay the paper bar napkin down on the table and plunk the brown bottle on top of it. "So have you decided what you'd like to order?"

"Gimme another minute," the trucker says, squeezing his round gut out from behind the two person booth. I smile at him as he leaves.

Uncle Ed hadn't shown up for work all week or the week before. Servers whispered, and the kitchen staff snickered, and rumours flew. Our regional manager, Gary, showed up like clockwork at eleven o'clock each day, querying about Uncle Ed's "whereabouts." I said that I didn't know.

My nose stings with the sharp, familiar scent of baby powder and ammonia. Pee-pee man sits at the very edge of his chair in table six, across from the restroom, staring at a menu he is too blind to read, his hands grasping at the wooden cane

crooked across his left leg.

"Miss?"

"Yes?" I sucked in my breath. I prayed that pee-pee man wouldn't piss on the vinyl seat during this visit. "Have you decided what you'd like to order?"

"I'll have the quarter chicken, with white meat, and a salad."

"Thousand island dressing?"

"Yes, please."

"Would you like your coffee now, or later?"

"Now, please."

Sunday. Five pm. This will be the longest shift I have ever worked at the Casablanca Boulevard location of Swiss Chalet.

Uncle Ed showed up at my house on Friday morning with his work shirt untucked, his glasses broken, his face unshaven. I asked where he'd been, and told him that Gary was looking for him. He asked if my mother was home, and if I knew where she was. I said that I didn't know.

Table four flags me down.

"Excuse me, miss, but there's a staple in my son's baked potato," The woman in the pink suit jacket drills her eyes squarely into my pupils as her little boy climbs over the partition separating the wooden booths. She points at the crusty staple floating in a melted pool of butter sitting inside the four-pronged crevice of her son's shriveled, over-cooked potato.

How disgusting. I sympathize with her situation.

I walk up to the bar. "Christine, could you please void the kid's meal on bill 3063? There was a staple in the baked potato. And can you please talk to the kitchen about it?"

Christine glares at me from behind the counter as she counts the money inside her till. I sympathize with her situation. Her final counts for this week's totals are off, and Uncle Ed isn't around to help her. But that's not my problem.

Christine used to steal my tips when she was just a bartender. I wanted to tell Uncle Ed, but I had no proof. I remembered Uncle Ed firing a kitchen hand for stealing one bottle of vodka. I didn't want Christine to get fired - only punished. Badly punished. I maintained my silence, and Uncle Ed promoted her. But that's not my problem.

Laura, the new seater, smiles sweetly at me and asks me to take a table of eight in section three. Sure.

Seven thirty pm. This will be the longest shift I have ever worked at the Casablanca Boulevard location of Swiss Chalet.

Tables eight, six, and four empty and refill. Tables two, three, and five also fill up. The restaurant reaches capacity. The routine is compulsive, automatic, and predictable, where someone gives an order so I place it, a glass empties so I refill it and a table is finishes, so I bring the check.

This will be the last shift I ever work at the Casablanca Boulevard location of Swiss Chalet. As I count my tips, and a loonie rolls across the bar, my Uncle Ed inserts a loonie from the twenty thousand dollars he stole from Swiss Chalet's weekly total into a slot machine at Casino Niagara.

Jack Brown

By Adam Giles

A skinny man sits next to me in the Fracture Clinic waiting area at Humber River Memorial Hospital. He wears a sky-blue fisherman's hat and blue golf-shirt. Black-framed glasses stick out of his breast pocket. Grey slacks hug his bony legs. The woman at the counter peers out and calls, "Number three."

I look at the piece of plastic in my hand - number 20. I reach into my schoolbag and pull out a book called 'Building Better Plots.' I open it and remove my bookmark - a folded piece of scrap paper - and I read. I finish the last few pages of chapter six and turn the page to chapter seven: 'Creating Characters and Back Story.' The woman behind the counter calls number four. I tune her out and read.

"One way to create compelling drama is to take ordinary people and put them into unusual circumstances. The reason these stories work so well is that the protagonist's ordinariness makes him relatable and thus interesting for the audience, which is itself made up of lots and lots of ordinary people."

The woman behind the counter calls number after number while I read. "The audience is left to wonder what they would do in similar extraordinary circumstances and the protagonist's eventual triumph over these circumstances is reinforcing and reaffirming to the audience."

I close my book, marking my place with my finger. I look over at the counter - the woman is gone. I yawn and stretch my arms.

"Studying?" asks the skinny man next to me.

I look at him. "Yeah," I smile.

His teeth are yellow, but straight. He presses his lips together and smiles. "I remember that. I may be old, but I still remember studying. What are you taking?"

"Writing. Writing and English." I look at his pale white hands dotted with faint brown circles - he didn't have a

number. "Are you waiting for an appointment?"

He smirks. "No. I'm waiting for my wife."

"Oh. I'm here for my shoulder."

"Ah," he says. "I've had problems with my hip. And I have osteoporosis. I've had a few hip replacements. I have bad knees too. I come in every three months for a needle - that's for the osteoporosis. I come in for the needle and they stick it right here." He points to his upper thigh... then looks around, faces me, cups his hand beside his mouth, and whispers. "The needles cost a thousand dollars but I don't have to pay for them. I have health coverage that pays for them."

I smile. "Good. That's a lot of money."

He leans forward and glances at my book. I angle the book so he can see the cover.

"So where do you go to school?" he asks.

"The University of Toronto, but this book isn't really for school."

His lips part and his eyes open wide. "I went to the University of Toronto. That was a long time ago."

"Really? What did you take?"

"Everything... I took everything."

"A jack of all trades, eh?"

He nods. "I finished school in 1938 and then I worked for a while. I did statistics for a company that sold big, big machinery."

"Was that in Toronto?"

"Yup. It was at Bay and Wellesley. But that was only for a little while because the war started soon after. They started enlisting all of the 18-year olds and 19-year olds into the navy and the airforce. You know how I joined?"

I shake my head.

"One day, a parade of 18-year olds and 19-year olds who were already enlisted crossed in front of the building I was working in. My boss said 'sorry, but we won't be needing you anymore' so I went outside and enlisted in the airforce."

I smile. "Wow."

He nods. "I went over with a squadron from Edmonton. We flew to England, believe it or not, on D-day."

Where we landed, there weren't many airports so they sent dozens of us out to chop down wheat fields - we chopped and chopped until there was enough space for our planes to land and take off."

"Number 20?" the woman behind the counter calls.

I turn my head. "Oh...that's me."

"Oh okay. Nice to meet you Adam."

"My name's Jack...Jack Brown."

"Nice to meet you."

"You too. Good luck with your studies and good luck with your shoulder."

"Thank you." I drop my book into my bag, get up and walk over to the counter.

"You can go in," the woman says.

"Okay." I walk around the corner and a nurse points me to a bed. I sit down and she places a clipboard with papers in it beside me.

"Doctor Zarnett will be with you in a minute," she says.

I wait. Doctor Zarnett approaches me. "How you doing?"

"Not bad."

He picks up the clipboard and leafs through a few pages. "Shoulder, right?"

I nod.

"The left one?"

"Yeah."

"And it's been, what, five weeks since surgery?"

"Yup."

"You're the football player, right?"

"Hockey."

"Right. Okay David, why don't you book an appointment for physiotherapy and come back and see me in six weeks."

"That's it?"

"Yup, just go back out the way you came and tell the nurse behind the counter six weeks."

"Okay."

I walk out and see Jack Brown talking to a woman sitting next to him. I make an appointment with the woman behind the counter. I turn away from the counter. I look back at Jack Brown and wave. I catch his attention and he smiles and points at me. He and the lady sitting next to him wave back. I turn away and walk down the hall, out of the hospital, to my car.

Best of luck on your exams and papers!

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My cat's breath smells like cat food

Kids In the Hall star McKinney speaks candidly

INTERVIEW

BY VANESSA MARIGA

I sit in the Green Room on the 6th floor of the Winter Garden Theatre with four other student journalists. We shift in our chairs, check the batteries in our tape recorders, and perform test scribbles to ensure that our pens have ink while we wait for our round table interview with Mark McKinney (Kids In the Hall, Saturday Night Live) to begin. Hillary, an associate producer with Fully

Committed, the one man show starring Mark McKinney that runs until January 6th at the Winter Garden Theatre, pops into room and encourages us to nibble at the spread of pita bread, hummus, strawberries, honeydew melon, and grapes.

"Mark's on his way right now, he'll be here in a few minutes, just keep munching. By the way, I have an announcement, students can now purchase tickets to Fully Committed at the box office for only \$25. You just have to bring your student id."

Mark McKinney saunters into the room, he smiles, grabs a strawberry off

the platter, and says "You know my dressing room is just so much more comfy than this. Let's do this interview in there. I'll grab the pita platter, someone else grab the fruit and let's go."

We file down the hallway and through the door with Mark McKinney's name posted on it. The room is dimly lit, with chairs, a big black leather Lazy-Boy and a couch set up in a circle in the center. Mirrors with big bulbs all around them are on three of the four walls, and I resist the temptation to ask if each mirror is for one of the forty different characters in Fully Committed that McKinney plays. A photo of his son holding his three month old daughter hangs on the only non-mirrored wall.

"That picture was actually taken on the plane on the way to Toronto," McKinney beams, and he shows us the painting of the Lion King that his son did that hangs next to the photo. We settle into our seats and begin the interview.

"What exactly is it about the comedy genre that attracts you to it? Is that what you've been trained in, or is it just that you've always been good at it?"

"Real comedians can't be trained. They have to have some sort of screwy background. Locked in a box by priests, or in my case I travelled way too much as a kid. I experienced a lot of weird cultural dislocations. Usually it's something like that. But I just did it because it seemed interesting, making a living at being funny."

"So why do you think that all comedians are screwed up?"

McKinney chuckles and leans back on the couch. "I'm not saying that ALL comedians are screwed up. Will Ferrell is the most normal guy in the world. He just has a fantastic comedy mind. As far as I can tell he has no vices."

"Have you changed in any way since you've become famous?"

"It's not like I became famous overnight, and its not N'SYNC fame. I wouldn't say that I've changed because I've been forged under the hot lights of public attention. I think that I just grew up. I don't think that I've learned anything because I have some sort of notoriety that even rivals anything that I've learned because I had a kid."

"Can I ask a silly question?"

"Well yeah, of course." McKinney waves a piece of pita around in the air and laughs.

"So, you did some work on Spice World. What were the Spice Girls really like?" We all lean forward in our chairs.

"You know, having come from a group and knowing how the dynamics work, I thought that they got along pretty well. I mean considering, talk about white hot fame. When we filmed by London Bridge, people would be hanging off the bridge like clusters of grapes, and the police would come, shuffle everyone along, then two minutes later a whole new batch of people." McKinney shifts into a British accent and folds his hands on his knee cap, "But Ginger, Ginger Spice, she was a sweetheart." He sits back in his seat, "You could tell that she was the mommy of the group."

"This may sound personal, but are you still friends with the guys from Kids In the Hall?"

"Oh yeah. Scott came and saw the show. Bruce and I are really close, we've been friends for a long time, and Dave and Kevin, I see them whenever I am out in L.A. Doing Kids In the Hall forged us into something, and I think that that's unbreakable. I know that a lot of people think that we were at each other's throats. It's just that our creative fights were always very loud and suddenly when we made the transition to tv, the fights were in front of 40 crew members. I don't hate anyone. And I don't think that anyone hates me."

"What was it like going from Kids In the Hall to Saturday Night Live?"

"I thought it would resemble Kids In the Hall a little bit more, but I should have known better because I had already written for the show at that point. It was a different kind of life, but I must admit that Saturdays were really fun, when the rock band of the moment and the hot star of the moment are there in your studio and you're all doing sketches and it feels like this great fun thing that you do before you go to a really late night party. It was different. Although I think that I am more a product of Kids In the Hall."

"So now that you're doing Fully Committed which is a one man show, do you feel lonely on stage?"

McKinney chuckles and looks off, "Not yet. But maybe closer to Christmas it'll get worse..."

"Is there a character in Fully Committed that you feel particularly involved with or immersed in?"

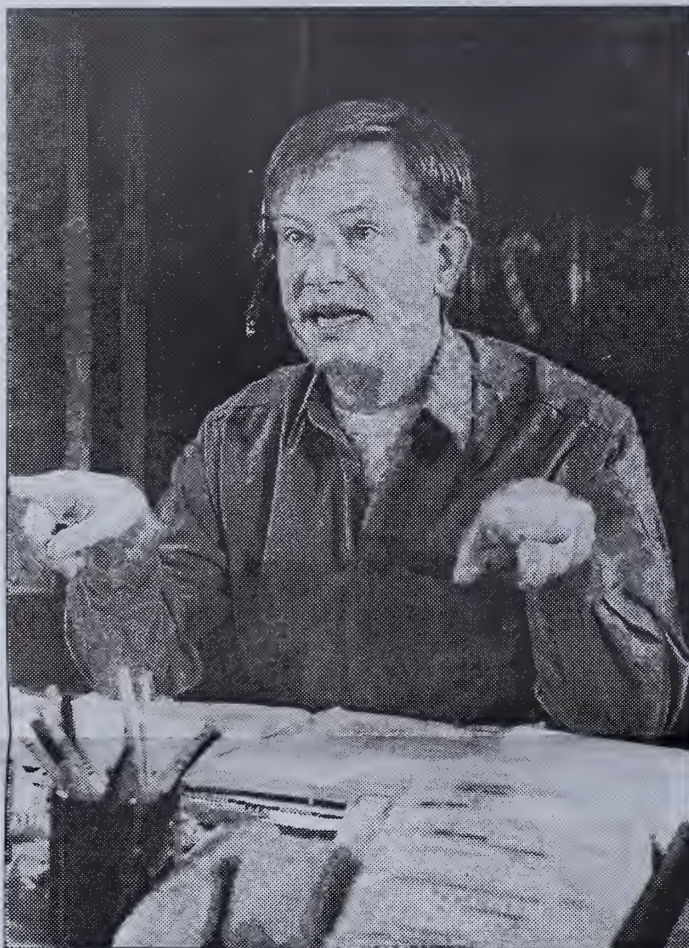
"The chef. Definitely the chef. He's a true maniacal prick. When I do him onstage it's weird, it's like I drop into a state. You know one minute I'm playing another guy and then I'm playing the chef and it just seems to be really easy to find. I could probably do him at any given moment."

"So is there any chance that after Fully Committed you'll come back to Toronto to do more stuff?"

"If something good comes up, sure."

Hillary the associate producer checks her watch and announces that time's up.

Fully Committed runs at the Winter Garden Theatre until Jan. 6. Tickets for students are \$25 at the box office w/ student id.

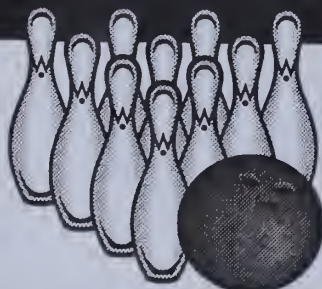


Mark McKinney, a national star, talks openly to UTM student. Doesn't he look funny in this picture?

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Tar Angel deemed no good

MOVIE REVIEW

BY JENNIFER MATOTEK

Every time I walk into a screening for a Canadian film, I hope that it will be different from the last Canadian film I might have seen. I hope to see a film with a story that's worth telling. I hope to see a film with great production value, that's shot well, but not shot so well that pretentious, directorial indulgences take precedence over what should be really important - the story. In fact, I just hope to see a film that doesn't make me fall asleep after twenty minutes, and doesn't prattle on too long trying to establish some sort of significant statement on the ambiguous nature of Canadian cultural identity.

L'Ange de Goudron (Tar Angel), written and directed by Denis Chouinard, didn't fulfill any of these hopes, and barely managed to keep me awake, but I can see how the story seemed like it had

the potential to be an interesting film on paper. Tar Angel follows the lives of an Algerian family who's recently moved to Montreal and are struggling to get their full Canadian citizenships. Ahmed Kasmi, the hard-working father, lives the Canadian dream and struggles to keep his family afloat by preparing tar for a small construction company. Ahmed then discovers his nineteen year old son, Hafid, is involved with a group of activists, and is wanted by the police. When Hafid goes missing, Ahmed wanders the snowy streets of Montreal in an effort to discover who his son really is, and unites efforts with Hafid's secret girlfriend, Huguette, in order to find Hafid and stop him before the family's bid for Canadian citizenship becomes jeopardized.

But what pisses me off about this whole situation is the character's motivations. I can't care about characters unless I understand why they make the

Tar Baby continued on page 9

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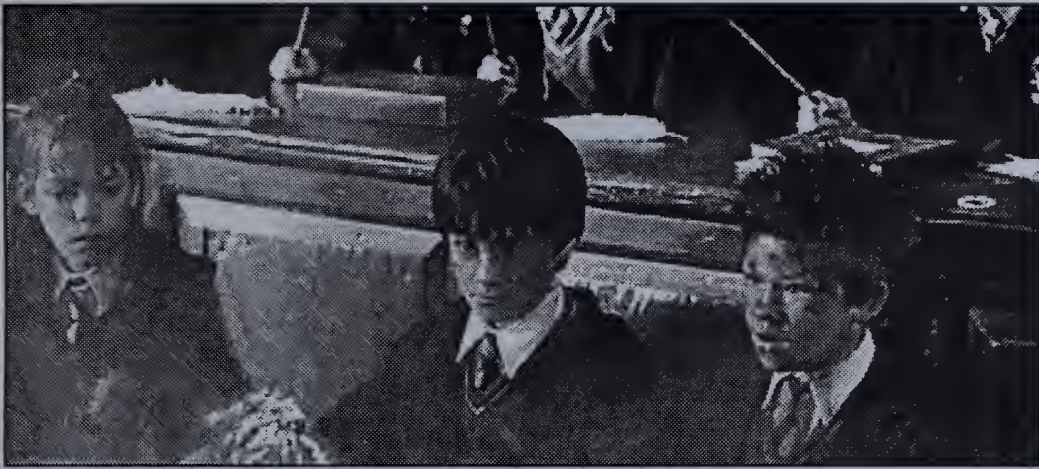
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Harry Potter breaks box office record



Harry Potter was a huge success. These kids look like me when I was five years old, sitting down, bored in church.

MOVIE REVIEW

BY STEFFEN REINHART

The much anticipated movie adaptation of the first Harry Potter novel, *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* (which is titled "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone" in the US), has hit the theatres with enormous success. It's been breaking records since its release, and then breaking its own records on top of that. In the US, *Harry Potter* grossed over \$90 million in its first weekend alone, destroying the previous weekend record, held by "Jurassic Park: The Lost World" at \$72.1 million in three days. On its Friday release, it broke the one-day box office record (in the US) by taking in \$31.6 million — a record which was previously held by "Star Wars: Episode I - The Phantom Menace" at \$28.5 million in its opening day. Then Potter broke its own record Saturday by accumulating \$32.9 million! It is also the fastest film to reach the \$100million mark. Along with the

worldwide markets (where it is also breaking records), *Harry Potter* is riding on a parallel with the "Star Wars"-phenomenon.

But is the movie itself really that good — or is it riding on the coattails, so to speak, of the novel? Undoubtedly the film wouldn't be such an amazing success without the book, but it is actually a very good movie! I have never read any of the *Harry Potter* books, so I can't compare the movie to them, but it does stand by itself — you don't have to read the books to enjoy the show. A well-developed set of characters, an amazing atmosphere and great computer special effects make this movie much more than just a kids-flick. It is a really fun watch!

The movie starts with Harry as a baby, dropped off at the doorstep of a house — and continues following the child, who is being raised by his aunt and uncle who dislike him and favour their own son. Eventually, Harry makes his way to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, where the story speeds up. Here the audience meets an array of wizards and witches. From fighting trolls to sitting in alchemy 101 the movie is really clever and well delivered. It

castss a spell over the audience and even though I'm not 8 years old anymore, I wanted to be a wizard after seeing it!

Harry Potter also has very strange similarities to "Star Wars." Both films were box office smashes (and broke numerous records) that had a cast of relatively unknown people except for a small few (Harrison Ford and Alec Guinness for *Star Wars* and John Cleese and Alan Rickman for *Harry Potter*) and both were geared at a very wide crowd — even though they were considered family films (*Harry Potter* more so than *Star Wars*). They both also used similar story devices: very well developed characters, fantasy themes, original stories, and a blatant good versus evil conflict.

If you want to see a movie with lots of action and spilled guts, don't see *Harry Potter*. After all, it is a family movie! But if you want to see something a little different, give it a try. With a PG rating, this film shows that pictures can still be made that are good and wholesome and that they can rival the big guns and big breasts of Hollywood.

Tar Angel chalks up to nothing more than crap

continued from page 8

choices they do. *Tar Angel* never takes the time to explain why Hafid gets involved with this group of activists known as "CRISCO," or explain what the hell these activists really do. The film also rushes the forced friendship between Hafid's girlfriend, Huguette, and Hafid's father, Ahmed, who first accuses her of being a piece of whory scum, only to befriend her two seconds later. (If my boyfriend's dad called me a whore, and piece of scum I don't think I could ever warm up to him.)

I also don't understand how Ahmed's character, if he's supposed to be some sort of considerate gentleman, can justify leaving his nine months pregnant wife and teenage daughter alone for weeks so he can covet around Northern Quebec with Huguette and try and find Hafid.

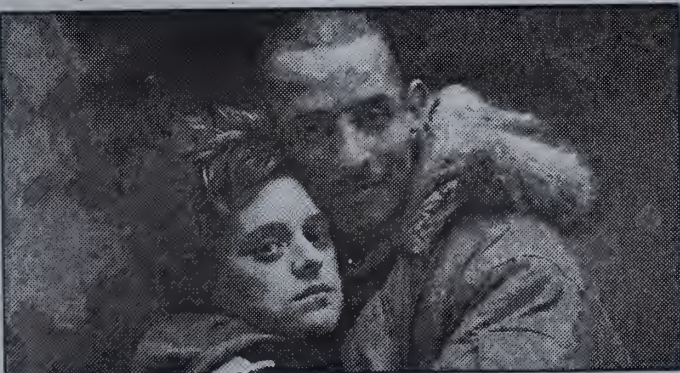
And I still can't understand why Ahmed wouldn't report his son's disappearance immediately to the police. I mean, I know he's supposed to be paranoid about not getting his citizenship, but he has such a fear of authority and the government that his choices just don't make sense.

I'll commend the pretty Catherine Trudeau in her performance as Huguette, as she's one of the few characters in the film with whom I can actually sympathize and care about. I also kind of cared about Hiam Abbass' character, Naima Kasmi, who plays Ahmed's wife, for getting pregnant and abandoned by her husband and only son. And while Denis Chouinard's script isn't badly written, and his direction is fairly clear and competent, he has his moments of indulgence, particularly at the end of the film, as the audience is left to feel sad about Hafid's murder in the wake of the Kasmi family's newly acquired Canadian citizenships. It's a downright sappy, melodramatic moment, that leaches the film of any genuine emotion or attachment the audience

might have otherwise felt.

In conclusion, *Tar Angels* is just a standard, awful Canadian movie that I wouldn't recommend anyone seeing. Excluding *Exotica*, and other Atom

Egoyan and David Cronenberg films, *Tar Angel* convinces me that the most likable piece of Canadian cinema is *Porkys*. It just doesn't have a story worth telling through the medium of film.



Tar Angel is your typical Canadian movie. It was no good. Stay away from it. Stay far away from it.

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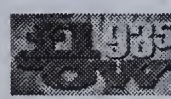
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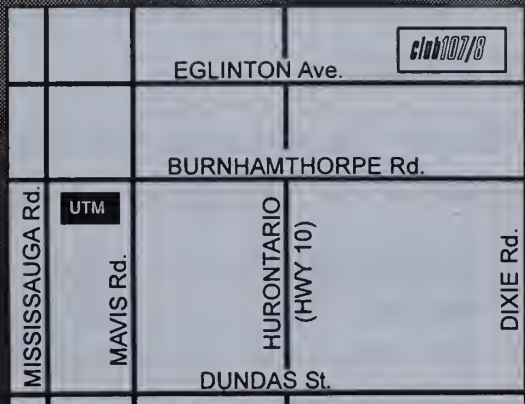


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SPORTS

UTM captures field hockey championship

UTM defeats
Scarborough 2-1 in field
hockey finals

BY CAROLYN NOAKES

On November 18, the UTM women's interfaculty field hockey team finished their season undefeated with one last victory in the finals. UTM defeated Scarborough 2-1.

UTM dominated the first half of the game with strong offence by Alison Thomas, Kate Dias, Joanna Paradiso and Sabrina Silaphet, but fell behind with a score of 1-0.

UTM came back strong though pushing

the ball up the field with solid drives from Gemma Cassidy and Liz Rideout. In a quick turnaround early in the second half, Dan Fietje passed the ball the length of the field to Thomas, who slipped the ball past Scarborough's goalie to tie the game. Great defense by Fietje, Zehra Bhujwala, Carolyn Noakes and Keegan DeSouza held off Scarborough's offense for the remainder of the game.

UTM dominated once again in overtime with Dias netting an early goal. However, referee negated the goal and both teams went into penalty strokes. UTM goalie Nazia Khan, consistently made quick saves until Dias scored the winning goal. Congratulations UTM.



UTM defeated Scarborough 2-1 to take the field hockey championship last week. UTM's Kate Dias (top centre) scored the game-winning goal, in penalty strokes.

BGs staying alive, but BBs not looking so beautiful

Bond Girls beat
Buford's Beauties
5-2 in ball hockey

BY GINA RAJACK

In the game between the only two remaining teams in the women's ball hockey league, the Bond Girls took away all the fun from the Buford's Beauties by winning game one of the championship series 5-2. Both teams decided to play a three-on-three game because the Beauties didn't have enough players.

The game started off with a quick goal by Gina Rajack, assisted by Kim Shapcott. Their scoring tradition didn't stop there as Shapcott added another goal on a one-timer, assisted by all-star rookie

Veneza Abreu. Beauties goalie, Trisha Yourth, faced countless shots by the Bond Girls, but denied them time and time again. Toward the end of the first period, Beauties all-star, Silvia Barreto, led a two on one rush with Erin Gawley and scored on Bond Girls goalie Astrid Poei.

In the second period, Shapcott opened up scoring by slapping one past Yourth, which was assisted by Rajack and Cheryl Penfold. Shortly after, Rajack added another goal, assisted by Shapcott. The Buford Beauties didn't give up as they applied offensive pressure by scoring another goal by Barreto, assisted by Gawley, but it was too little, too late. The Bond Girls didn't let the Beauties score any more goals because of the tough defensive line of Carolyn Noakes,

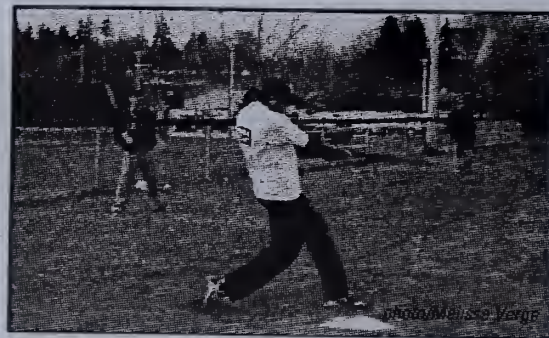
Cheryl Penfold, and Debbie Medeiros. Shapcott added her third goal of the game to seal the victory for the Girls. Even though they won, it was a low scoring game by Bond Girl standards.



(Left) Buford's Beauties had the Bond Girls on the ropes, as they kept scoring close throughout the game. (Above) The Bond Girls swarm Beauties goalie, Trisha Yourth.

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The Paper fell 9-2 to Hank's Homering Heroes in last week's intramural softball consolation finals.

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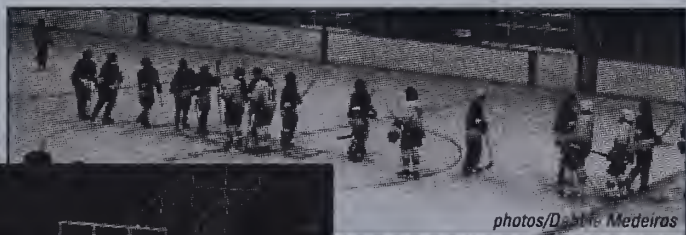
UTM takes the village bicycle for a ride

UTM women beat Scarborough 6-0 in ice hockey action



BY A. FRANCESCA

There has always been a rivalry between U of T's two satellite campuses, but this time, UTM showed Scarborough who's better. After coming off of five straight wins, the women's interfaculty ice hockey team won their sixth straight last Monday night at Varsity Arena, defeating Scarborough 6-0. Earning goals for UTM were Joanna Paradiso, Erin Laporte, Gina Rajack and Kim Shapcott (3). UTM goalies Tiffany Low Foon and Nazia Khan extended their shutout



photos/Dan McMedeiros

(Left) The UTM offence takes the puck right off the draw. (Above) Even though UTM killed Scarborough 6-0 in this meeting, it was all in good fun.

cott from defence to offence. Late in the first half, Shapcott sparked the UTM offence with a huge slapshot to Scarborough goaltender and UTM CCIT teaching assistant Cathy Jordan. Jordan gave up a big rebound, which rookie Paradiso recovered to put UTM up 1-0 at the half.

As the game progressed, UTM continued to dominate offensively on goals by Laporte, Rajack and Shapcott. Early in the second half, the UTM offence got a helping hand from the defence, when defenceman Laporte netted her second goal of the season — going top gloveside on Jordan. Team-mate Astrid Poei earned the assist. Halfway through the second period, Rajack deked out the Scarborough defence and scored, to put UTM in the lead 3-0. Amy Coates assisted on the goal. The UTM offence did not stop there, however, as Shapcott went on to

streak with their third straight shutout of the season.

Due to traffic, UTM arrived later than expected for this game and this seemed to throw them off. In the beginning of the first half, sloppy UTM defence led to numerous open Scarborough attackers, however, Khan stopped all shots, including difficult rebounds. Scarborough seemed to dominate the first half, but UTM managed to gain some ground after the late arrival of alumni defenceman Laporte. Laporte's presence, allowed UTM to make the line changes necessary to score. UTM switched veteran Shap-

WOMEN'S ICE HOCKEY TOP SCORERS

| PLAYER | G | A | PTS | PIM |
|---------------------|---|---|-----|-----|
| Gina Rajack | 7 | 2 | 9 | 0 |
| Cheryl Penfold | 7 | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Astrid Poei | 3 | 4 | 7 | 0 |
| Kim Shapcott | 5 | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| Amy Coates | 2 | 4 | 6 | 0 |
| Erin Laporte | 2 | 2 | 4 | 0 |
| Joanna Paradiso | 2 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Holly Grant | 1 | 0 | 1 | 3 |
| Jennifer Tomaszczek | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Chandra Gilbert | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 |

WOMEN'S ICE HOCKEY TOP GOALIES

| GOALIE | GAA |
|------------------|------|
| Tiffany Low Foon | 0.33 |
| Nazia Khan | 0.33 |

score her first hat trick of the season on three similar slapshots from just inside the Scarborough blueline that beat Jordan top gloveside. UTM's Chandra Gilbert earned the assist on Shapcott's first goal. Despite the 6-0 deficit, Scarborough attempted a late scoring run — a dinger that blasted past UTM goalie Low Foon. Fortunately, that shot hit the post. With three minutes remaining, curfew was called and the game ended.

UTM has outscored all of its opponents 29-4 in regular season action so far this year.

UTM takes on Medicine next Monday at 7:00 p.m. at Varsity Arena. Last year, UTM beat Medicine 9-2.

Prior to the Scarborough match-up, UTM dominated PT/OT/Trinity 10-0. Notching goals for UTM were Penfold (4), Paradiso, Rajack (2) and Poei (2). Low Foon and Khan shared the shutout.

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Butter's victory caps a perfect season of intramural basketball

BY VINCE CHENG

In the first game of the best-of-three championship series, EFSA edged Butter 54-52 to take a 1-0 series lead. In this game, EFSA got some excellent plays from their Steve Chan who scored 19 points. Teammate Duane Eddy chipped in with 20 points. Eddy led the team in regular season scoring.

In the second game of the series, Butter revenge their first game lost by destroying EFSA 61-36. In this game, Butter got excellent plays from all of their players as four of them scored in the double digits. Anand Patel and Paul-Mark Kaldas scored 16 points and 13 points respectively for Butter. Chan contributed with 15 points for EFSA.

In the final game of the series, Butter defeated EFSA 54-45 to win the 2001 intramural basketball



Butter was solid in this match-up, winning the series 2-1.

championships. In this game, EFSA looked sluggish right from the beginning as Alex Au turned the ball over several times. However, the superb play of Conway (13 points) kept the game close

until the final minutes of the game. For Butter, Patel and Kaldas scored 16 points and 15 points respectively to lead the team to victory. Congratulations to Butter for the win.

The village bicycle takes UTM for a ride

Defending tourney champs lose 3-1 to Scarborough

BY A. FRANCESCA

Poorly run. That was the summary for last Friday's 5th Annual Sheridan Davis Campus Women's Ice Hockey Tournament. UTM defeated the hosting Sheridan Davis Bruins 8-4 and tied the Seneca Sting 1-1, but lost to UT Scarborough 3-1 in round robin action. UTM did not qualify for a finals appearance, as they lost the points race to Seneca by +1.

UTM went without their regular bench, as players Erin Laporte and Kim Shapcott and coach Chris Carrabs were not present for this meeting. Despite the absence of Carrabs, UTM did have some leadership, as former player Debbie Medeiros took over the bench.

In the first game, UTM squared off against Sheridan Davis. Despite being the host team,

Sheridan did not have a goalie. UTM lent them their backup goalie Nazia Khan, just so a proper game could be played. This move ended up hurting UTM in the points race, as the championship final was decided by points for and against. UTM won 8-4.

In the second game, Seneca scored early in the first period. UTM trailed 1-0 until late in the third period, when Seneca turned the puck over and UTM's Cheryl Penfold recovered it at the centre line. Penfold went into Seneca's zone alone, and scored – going five hole on the inexperienced Seneca netminder. In the dying seconds of the game, two Seneca attackers managed to break the UTM defence. However, Khan stoned what could have possibly been a Seneca victory goal.

By the third game, UTM showed signs of fatigue as Scarborough led 1-0 early in the first period. However, UTM tied it up in the second period when rookie Amy Coates scored from the hashmarks. As the game went on,

Scarborough proved to be too much for the shortened UTM bench, winning this match-up 3-1.

After three games of round robin action, Scarborough led the tournament with three wins, while UTM and Seneca were in a deadlock with one win, one tie and one loss apiece. This led tournament convenors to rule on a plus-minus system where goals for and goals against were tallied. Convenors later ruled in favour of Seneca who had a +3 rating, while UTM only had a rating of +2. (Recall, UTM lent Sheridan their backup goalie in the first game of round robin action).

UTM did play the consolation final against Sheridan though, only to end the game early because Sheridan did not have a proper team. Compared to last year's Sheridan Davis Tournament, this tournament was run poorly. This one day tourney that originally began with six teams, and had one team on the waiting list, shortened to only four teams by the tournament's start.

UTM takes UTM to school



The Division I women's basketball team scrimaged against their counterparts, the Division II team, in preparation for playoffs. Unfortunately, Div II lost to Medicine 24-14.

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Mr. Burns' All-Stars burn Celery Generals

All-Stars crush Generals 22-7 in softball

BY JON LEE

"Excellent." That's what Mr. Burns would say too after last Friday's intramural softball finals. Mr. Burns' All-Stars beat the Celery Generals 22-7. It was a funny game to say the least.

The All-Stars put up three homeruns in an inning twice, including second inning homeruns by Aman Mundi and Jean Paul Paluzzi.

In the fourth inning, All-Star Darryl Sequiera blasted a grand slam. Teammate Jeremy Jocteson followed that up with another homerun.

Scott Andrews had the lone



(Left) Homeruns played a huge factor in the All-Stars' 22-7 win. (Above) A Celery General getting thrown out at first.

homerun for the Celery Generals, while rival Dave Jutzi went 3-for-3 with a triple and double.

But fielding was another matter for the captains of each team, with Sequiera committing three errors and Jutzi committing three straight in an inning at third base.

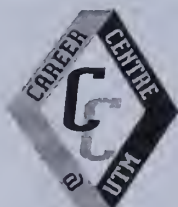
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